

Daily Democrat

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HARNEY, HUGHES & CO.

OFFICE

South Side Green Street, two doors below the Customhouse.

THURSDAY, OCT. 20, 1864.

NOTICE TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.
The Daily Democrat delivered by carriers throughout the city will hereafter be at the rate of twenty-five cents per week, including the Sunday paper.

Important Notice.

Owing to the increased expense of every article used in the printing business, and an advance price of twenty-five per cent, on the expense of composition, we are compelled to increase the cost of the Daily Democrat. Hereafter the Daily, by mail, will be one dollar per month, on six dollars for six months, or ten dollars per year, always in advance.

Important to News Dealers.

We understand that General Sherman has issued an order by which any person who desires to sell copy papers at the front, thus destroying the monopoly which has so long inconvenienced the army, and deprived it of a full supply of papers.

Persons can procure any number of papers at this office at the usual rate of three dollars per hundred; postage added, if by mail.

CITY NEWS.

RE There will be a public meeting at Fisherville, on Saturday, the 22d inst. Hon. W. F. Bullock, Gov. Meriwether and others will be present to address the citizens.

oc 19d

GRAND LODGE OF KENTUCKY.—This grand body re-assembled in the Masonic Temple yesterday morning.

The remaining grand officers were elected as follows:

Rev. H. A. Hunter, of Louisville, G. Chaplain.

R. G. Matthews, of Louisville, G. S. and T. An amendment to the constitution was adopted, increasing the dues of subordinate lodges to the Grand Lodge from seventy-five cents to one dollar on each member.

Charters were granted to the following new lodges:

Hiram Bassett Lodge No. 395, to be held at Lewisburg, Mason County, Ky.

Davville Lodge No. 396, at Davville, Ky.

Aspen Grove Lodge No. 397, in Pendleton county.

Dick Barnes Lodge No. 398, at Cave Spring, in Christian county.

Pond River Lodge No. 399, at Greenville, Muhlenberg county.

A considerable amount of business was transacted, when the grand officers elect were duly installed and the following additional officers appointed:

John M. Told, of Frankfort, A. G. Sec. W. W. Boyd, of Lexington, G. S. D. W. Joe Ross, of Maysville, G. J. D. E. B. Jones, of Paducah, G. M. D. P. Robb, of Versailles, G. S. B. R. B. Parker, of Lexington, G. P.

The Grand Lodge then adjourned until nine o'clock this morning.

POLICE PROCEEDINGS.—Wednesday, Oct. 19. Joseph Gaten and Seymour Edwards (f. b. c.), stealing a copper boiler and copper kettle worth over four dollars from some one unknown; condemned.

James O'Neill, drunkenness and disorderly conduct; fined \$5.

James Ryder and John Gamen, robbing Philip Clark of \$300 in gold and \$800 in green backs; discharged.

Mike O'Brian, George Seymour, Peter Parker, and James Morris, presented as suspected felons; held each in \$300 to conduct themselves differently for six months.

Joseph Price, drunkenness and disorderly conduct; fined \$5.

Henry Taylor (f. b. c.), stealing sixty dollars from Henry Miller; held in \$400 to answer in Circuit Court.

Wm. Daniel, J. J. Jones, and Wm. Walters, charged with stealing a negro man from Garret Holmes; condemned.

John Blue and John Lindsey were presented Monday for running off slave; the case was continued until this morning, when that charge was dismissed, and the men presented as suspected felons; bail in \$300 for twelve months.

Several warrants were disposed of.

RE In the Democrat of yesterday we noticed that W. W. McDaniel, Wm. Walters and J. J. Jones were arrested upon the charge of negro stealing. The parties were presented before the Police Court yesterday morning, when their case was continued until this morning. They carried away a negro boy belonging to Mr. Holmes, keeper of the workhouse, who they enlisted as a substitute for a drafted man. The affidavit stated that the negro boy formerly belonged to a Mr. Baselman, of Tennessee, who was in the rebel army, which statement was sworn to by McDaniel, so that he, in addition to negro stealing, will be tried upon the charge of perjury.

BARRACKS ITEMS.—Yesterday was rather a lively day at the barracks. Three hundred and seventeen new recruits arrived from Madison, Wisconsin, and sixty from Davenport, Iowa; one hundred and twenty convalescents arrived from various places. Five hundred and seventy-five convalescents were sent to Nashville, fifteen to Lexington, seven to Columbus, and two to Cincinnati. A number of deserters and runners were put in the guard-houses.

RE It would be quite an accommodation to the female portion of the community if officers and soldiers would learn their horses to stand in the streets and not on the sidewalks, when tied to a post or tree. Perhaps it is a military necessity. A negro turned loose on the sidewalk by a lady because he was kicked at a lady on the sidewalk. The negro got a flogging and the horse was caught.

RE At an early hour yesterday morning officer Carter Tiller arrested a white boy by the name of James Grason and a free negro named Seymour Edwards, who had in their possession a fine brass kettle and a copper boiler, which are supposed to have been stolen. The articles can be seen at the office of the Chief of Police.

BALL AT MASONIC TEMPLE.—To-night, by reference to the advertisement, to be found in another column, it will be seen that a grand ball will be given at Masonic Temple to-night for the benefit of Michael Scott, who has been drafted. Every arrangement has been made, and it will no doubt be the ball of the season.

RUNNERS.—Several persons were arrested yesterday and put in the guard-house, charged with being "runners." We learn that several others were arrested in different localities on the same charge.

RE Charles Dearing has our thanks for the November number of magazines. Each contains much reading matter of interest.

RE The Adams Express Company messengers have our thanks for latest files of Eastern exchanges.

RE Sylvester Wheatley, a guerrilla, was sent to Lexington, Ky., yesterday, to be tried by a court-martial.

Trotting Races.

THIRD DAY.

Yesterday was another beautiful day, and the attendance at Woodlawn was larger than on either of the previous days, and we noticed a number of ladies present who graced the stand with their beautiful countenances and smiling faces. The track was in excellent condition, and the different races were well contested.

WOOD'S THEATER.—This popular place of amusement, with Miss Mary Mitchell as the star, continues to draw large and appreciative audiences at this place of amusement. To-night is the last appearance but two of this great actor in our city, on which occasion he will appear as Sir John Falstaff, in Shakespeare's play of King Henry IV, or the battle of Shrewsbury and death of Hotspur. Those of our citizens who have not seen Mr. Hackett should not miss this opportunity, as he retires after his engagement here.

LOUISVILLE THEATRE.—The first race was mile heats, three heat, beat in five, for geldings and mares that have never won for money in public. This race closed with three entries: Alexander's "Bay Chief," Brown's "Rodney," and Smith's "Just," the former being the favorite at odds against the field. On the start for the first heat Alexander took the lead, with Brown second and Smith in the rear, and in this position the entire mile was trotted, Alexander winning the heat in 2:37 1/2.

At the start for the second heat Brown was in the lead, with Alexander close on his heels, Smith up the rear. Before making the first turn Alexander was thrown from his feet, and Smith gave him the go-by, taking the second position in the race. On entering the home stretch Alexander goes for the heat and Brown comes in winner of the heat in 2:37 1/2.

For the third heat the horses got off well together. On making the first turn Alexander took the lead, closely followed by Smith, then up the rear. The speed of the horses is increased, Brown coming in winner of the heat in 2:35 1/2.

For the fourth heat but two horses started, Brown and Smith. The former taking the lead, which he kept throughout, winning the race in 2:30 1/2. We annex the following:

SUMMARY.
Mile heats, 2 best in 5, for horses, geldings and mares that have never won for money in public: June 2:30 1/2. July 2:37 1/2. August 2:35 1/2. September 2:35 1/2. October 2:35 1/2. November 2:35 1/2. December 2:35 1/2.

GWILLIMBELL'S ON THE NASHVILLE RAILROAD.—Very small bands of guerrillas are now hovering along the line of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, but what their intentions are, of course unknown. On Monday night the downward bound train was fired into near Mountain Head by a party of guerrillas concealed in the woods. Some fourteen shots were fired at the train, but fortunately no one was injured.

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THE CORNFIELD.

The lark had flown with lessening wings
Far over fuso and thorn;
The rosy clouds were making fast
To cover the earth in a soft robe.
The bee was nesting in the thyme,
So purple, crisp, and sweet;
The birds were singing,
In coming through the wheat.
She looked down at the narrow path,
Looped with the slanting ears;
As we stood before those golden walls,
The birds were singing.
She turned and, O, the look she gave
Of love and wonder born!
It was a pightling kiss I stole
Amid the waving corn!

MANEGE OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

The President's Lady Shopping in New York—Her Thriftiness in the Matter of Small Things—Her Liberality in Great Ones—Her Bills Unreciprocated.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln came to the White House with staunch republican notions. She did not see how the wife of the President should be widely different from the rest of her sex; and the nation, which had been accustomed to respect the ladies of the President's family, soon found that the new incumbent's notoriety. She laid by her country-clothes at once, and aspired to lead the fashion of the land. This her position warranted her in doing, so far as expenditure was concerned; but her education gave her no claim to set her subjects correct taste. She ordered, as we all know, the best Inverness tapestries, the handsomest barouches and poniés, the best furniture and upholstery, and, clothing herself in the richest material of the country, soon became one of all the most talked-of women in America.

Anybody visiting Washington could see her seven times a day on Pennsylvania avenue. Her features became common; and those who could not see her in person were gratified with a photograph which a funkey photographer obtained and copy-righted. It represented a sallow, fleshy, uninteresting woman in white robes, and wearing a band of white flowers about her forehead, as some over-grown Ophelia.

Then Mrs. Lincoln assumed to lead society; she pronounced herself wife folks equally as estimable, but not so. The Charter Wykon, a barefaced adventurer, was established to be the first gentleman in the nation; and the wives of certain journalists, not in the best esteem, became her gossips and companions. She introduced sensationalism into the White House economy; courted low company in her innocence of what was superior; and, forgetting that her husband's rank made her the head of her sex, desired more tangible tokens that she was so. This exemplified, of course, her gauds about the master.

When Miss Chase the Sewards, etc., gave great parties to amuse the poor Mrs. Lincoln, she consented that the President's wife must acknowledge no rivalry. Then she traveled around the country to the various watering places, and became jostled of all low company in hotel-halls, in public dining and drawing rooms, on common promenades. Finally, she shamed the country by her famous ball on the battle-night, which George H. Boker, since her poet-laureate, commemorated with so scathing a poem that we might almost doubt its originality with him, "The Queen Must Dance."

Only the death of her little boy could bring the vain and foolish woman to her sense for a time; she scandalized the nation no longer.

We regret to say that Mrs. Lincoln has learned nothing by either reproof or misfortune. Her career as Mistress of the White House proved either the inability of experience to correct bad education, or the incapacity of education to teach good manners to one without discretion.

We do not believe that any woman, even among the middle classes of tradesmen, small merchants, etc., possessed so unenviable a reputation. Nobody has arraigned her virtue; she is accused of no excess of any sort; but she has made a most unhappy record. She has no conception of dignity, and has all the peevish assurance of a baseless parvenu.

W. P. Old Abe that his domestic horizon was so early beset with clouds; but in this selection he instances no more sagacity than he has displayed as the ruler of the Republic.

We must rid ourselves of all the Lincolns, or we shall experience that demoralization of all people who are governed by folks of low birth. We put this first in the ear of the ladies, to induce them to save the domestic as we are saving to the national credit of the country.

Taking Down the Old Mill.

You do not see it will till you begin to go down a steep, winding path—the old mill. It is surrounded with beautiful shade trees, and flowers growing all around. When the water is let on the great wheel turns around, the spray arises and shines on it, and a rainbow often hangs over it. The mill was new, and it seemed as if it would stand forever.

One day the owner came that way to talk with the tenant, or the man who lived in it. "Well, Mr. Willard, the old mill is almost worn out."

"Yes, sir, but you see I have set up poles against it to prop it up, and I mean to get more, and so I hope to keep it going."

"I will do no good. The poor old thing is worn out. It was built of frail material, and no propping can save it."

"But, sir, what do you propose to do?"

"To take it down."

"What? the mill I have lived in so long? I cannot have it done, sir! I claim it as—"

"Mr. Willard, have you been careful and faithful to pay me the rent on the old mill?"

Mr. Willard hung his head, for he knew he had paid but very poor rent.

"Must it come down, and I be turned out of my home?"

"Yes, it must come down or fall down," said the owner. "But I will tell you what I will do. I will take it down carefully myself and will save everything in it that is worth saving. And then I propose a new mill higher up the stream, near the great lake. I have selected a beautiful spot—O, far more beautiful than this, where the sun always shines, and the birds always sing, and the flowers are always fresh. It is a place so beautiful that the angels come there and bring their harps and sing; and there propose to erect a new mill—not of wood, but of stone, and it will be built of durable materials, such as the last, and ages, and ages."

"And I am going to make it in such a way that the very moving of the wheels will make music, as if the building was one great organ to praise God with. It will never grow old, or need taking down, or even repairing. Won't that be glorious?"

"What shall you take this down?"

"Oh, very soon."

"But who will live in the new mill?"

"You shall."

"But what will I do while it is building?"

"Oh, I will take care of you. I have a summer house on the hill that they call Zion, among the trees, where you will be safe and ready to enter the mill. Don't be afraid."

Does my little reader understand my story?

The human body is the mill; the earth is the place where it stands; the life that God pours into us every day is the water let on it; the joints creak and groaned, and it seemed to take a great while to get the wheels in motion. It ground slower and slower. It cracked in every part, and it seemed as if it would stand no longer. It seemed to stand with sadness as it rushed upon the wheel, and the birds sang in the trees, and everything was fair and good. Day after day and year after year the mill was kept silent. Children who grew up near it said that it was fair and good.

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"I will do no good. The poor old thing is worn out. It was built of frail material, and no propping can save it."

"But, sir, what do you propose to do?"

"To take it down."

"What? the mill I have lived in so long? I cannot have it done, sir! I claim it as—"

"Mr. Willard, have you been careful and faithful to pay me the rent on the old mill?"

Mr. Willard hung his head, for he knew he had paid but very poor rent.

"Must it come down, and I be turned out of my home?"

"Yes, it must come down or fall down," said the owner. "But I will tell you what I will do. I will take it down carefully myself and will save everything in it that is worth saving. And then I propose a new mill higher up the stream, near the great lake. I have selected a beautiful spot—O, far more beautiful than this, where the sun always shines, and the birds always sing, and the flowers are always fresh. It is a place so beautiful that the angels come there and bring their harps and sing; and there propose to erect a new mill—not of wood, but of stone, and it will be built of durable materials, such as the last, and ages, and ages."

"And I am going to make it in such a way that the very moving of the wheels will make music, as if the building was one great organ to praise God with. It will never grow old, or need taking down, or even repairing. Won't that be glorious?"

"What shall you take this down?"

"Oh, very soon."

"But who will live in the new mill?"

"You shall."

"But what will I do while it is building?"

"Oh, I will take care of you. I have a summer house on the hill that they call Zion, among the trees, where you will be safe and ready to enter the mill. Don't be afraid."

Does my little reader understand my story?

The human body is the mill; the earth is the place where it stands; the life that God pours into us every day is the water let on it; the joints creak and groaned, and it seemed to take a great while to get the wheels in motion. It ground slower and slower. It cracked in every part, and it seemed as if it would stand no longer. It seemed to stand with sadness as it rushed upon the wheel, and the birds sang in the trees, and everything was fair and good. Day after day and year after year the mill was kept silent. Children who grew up near it said that it was fair and good.

One day the owner came that way to talk with the tenant, or the man who lived in it.

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